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MONDAY, JUNE 10, 1918.

From the Champagne to Picardy.

The Boche returns to the scene of his first blow last spring—to Picardy, in the Noyon-Montdidier sector—where he buckled the British Fifth army in March and was halted by Foch on the eleventh day after he had swept perilously close to the edge of Amiens.

Paris is the lure the enemy cannot resist. He is like a dragon-fly fluttering near a light which dazzles and blinds him—and sooner or later will consume him. It is not written in the Book of Fate that he will take Paris. Twice the Marne has proven his deadline. He finds the line soft in spots. His new style of attack called infiltration proves sensationally successful for a brief season; but its antidote and its defense are already developed. Always he falls short. With every mile he advances upon Paris the defense stiffens in geometrical ratio.

Doubtless he is attacking between Noyon and Montdidier in accordance with a program worked out before the attack in the Champagne. The latter offensive, doubtless, was designed to draw off reserves from the line to the north, thus preparing for the thrust which is being launched, according to the dispatches from the front last night. However, Ludendorff did not succeed in his purpose, for Foch is far too cunning to weaken so vital a sector as that along the Somme and Oise to stop such a spectacular but futile advance as that which the Boche made in the Champagne.

However, it is premature to forecast the result of this new and, doubtless, culminating blow at Paris. One thing is certain: the enemy must not be permitted to break through the front lines and lodge a sharp salient in the flank of the allied armies this time. He must find sharp and effective resistance from the start. Whatever ground he yielded him must be paid for in human lives far exceeding its actual value. In the first bulletins there is evidence that the preliminary bombardment is being countered effectively by the allied artillery. Every shell from German guns is being met by one from those of the French.

The battle now developing should see effective American participation from the start. It will be remembered that our troops were thrown into the Picardy struggle before, and that shortly after the great offensive opened the policy of brigading American units in with the British and French was inaugurated. It is safe to assume that the preponderant part of the American legions in France today are directly behind, if not on, the line which Ludendorff has chosen for what will be his heaviest thrust—unless this is, indeed, a mask for an even greater thrust for the Channel ports.

There is no disposition in Washington, certainly not among military men, to underestimate the true gravity of the menace that remains for Foch to master. The German has a decided superiority in man power; he has made obsolete all the canons of trench warfare which seemed fairly well fixed as military law four months ago; his new type of attack, in which gas is used with such deadly effectiveness, is always dangerous, although not insoluble; his desperate determination to force a decision is likely to grow stronger as the summer wears on, rather than weaker. The allies themselves see in the rapidly increasing American war power their single hope of salvation from sweeping Prussian victory, and it must be remembered that the American war power is hardly more than out of the infant class as yet.

There is a suggestion in various quarters that the Channel ports may be abandoned in the face of renewed enemy pressure, so as to make the allied line shorter, and consequently easier to defend. This probably can be done if it be proven absolutely and incontrovertibly necessary; certainly any German threat of rupturing the Anglo-French line, and of pocketing the British armies in the north of France must be guarded against at any cost. Better to surrender the Channel ports than to permit the point of juncture between the British and French armies to be broken—for that would mean the destruction of the two forces, one after the other. When the Boche strikes in Flanders again it will be seen at once whether he is strong enough to make the surrender of the Channel ports advisable. If these are given up the British will have a much more difficult task of transportation; but one which, after all, is mere child's play compared to the one that America is forced to meet.

As They Start Overseas.

"What's the matter with old Noah?"
A man stood on the little stage of a Y. M. C. A. hut at one of the cantonnements and asked the question.

He was, to the careless eye, in the khaki shirt, trousers and puttees, no different from any one of the splendid, clear-eyed, up-standing American soldiers who faced him and roared the answer:

"He's all right!"
Then the song started with a will, but some way it did not go quite as well as the man on the little stage thought it should. Down he leaped and fairly flew across the aisle with "Sing, men, sing—what's the matter with you, have you lost your pep?"

As he came back the building shook with the last line, "It isn't going to be such a hell of a rain after all."

The eyes of every man in the room held the form of the man as he sprang lightly again to the stage. Obeyingly every soldier sang all the songs he started, only once or twice did he again make excursions down among them, calling some of them by name as he did so, and when he did the noise from over a thousand throats was deafening as the words of "Over There" and "Freedom, for All, Forever" came from them.

A little joke from the man on the stage brought ready laughter, and then his face grew tense as he raised his hand.

"Men, we are up against the real thing now. We are leaving as you know for where we will have to fight for all we hold dear and sacred."

"Today the place in front of my window was

been an altar. As I looked out my window I knew that prayers were continually ascending to Heaven. A gray-haired woman would pass with her boy's arm thrown lightly across her shoulders, while in her eyes was the light of the supreme sacrifice; younger women walked hand in hand with their sweethearts or husbands—their men; fathers did not disdain to look into the faces of their sons with tear-dimmed eyes. They were all saying wordless prayers for our safety.

"Men, we are going to do our duty—our whole duty. We are going to make those tears of sacrifice tears of pride. We are going the whole way, even though it leads to the end of the long trail."

There was a moment's silence, and then the man on the stage said: "I want all the officers of this regiment up here beside me," and up clambered a dozen or more splendid young chaps. Then with his head bowed he asked the chaplain to say a prayer. The solemn words evidently found echo in every heart, and a little later every man in the room sang with all his soul: "My Country, 'Tis of Thee," and he thought of his country, his home, the loved ones he was leaving behind.

Up, up ascended the great melody of masculine voices:

"Long may our land be bright
With freedom's holy light.
Protect us with thy might
Great God, our King."

A moment's silence and then "Dismissed" rang out in sharp command. The men hesitated just the fraction of a second and a young voice from the back shouted the question:

"What's the matter with the colonel?"
Like a cannon's roar came back the answer:

"He's all right!"
"Who's all right?"
"The colonel."

And the tramp of marching feet proclaimed the fact that America was sending another regiment of her fighting men on its way to oppose might with right.

More Wheatless Than Ever.

The U. S. Department of Agriculture has announced its latest wheat crop statistics, telling of a wheat yield far in excess of that of 1917 and better than the average yield of other years, 1915 alone excepted.

All this is encouraging.
But it should not encourage any loyal American to eat wheat.

There are important reasons why we should consume less wheat now than at any time since Food Administrator Hoover first asked for wheatless meals, wheatless bread and wheatless days.

The biggest of these reasons is: Our wheat supply now is lower than it ever has been at this time of the year. Reserves of wheat in the United States are nearly exhausted. The visible supply is down to an unheard-of level, only 1,140,000 bushels. A year ago at this time we had 28,296,000 bushels in American warehouses.

The wheat now being cut in the Middle West and the wheat that already has been harvested in Texas and Oklahoma has not been threshed. It still stands in shocks in fields, awaiting the coming of the thrasher. Then it must go to terminal markets and from there to flour mills. That will take weeks of time. In the meanwhile we have but a little over 1,000,000 bushels of wheat, about one bushel to every 100 persons in this country.

And of our small store we must continue giving wheat to our allies!

If you want to help win this war—if you want to be a good American—don't eat wheat in any form!

Make your meals more wheatless than ever. Make every day a wheatless day. Preach the gospel of wheat saving to your friends, your neighbors, every person you can reach.

They don't need our bullets "over there" half as badly as they need our bread.

Only 1,000,000 bushels of wheat left—and they who are fighting for our lives and our honor in the hell of battle in France are hungry for bread!

Won't you be one American who refuses to eat any wheat at all at least until this year's crop reaches the flour mills?

The Worst Boy.

Some time ago this newspaper told of the nation-wide hunt being made to find the worst boy in the country that he may be reformed and become a useful citizen.

This hunt is now over. The officers of the Boys' Brotherhood Republic have found what they consider the worst boy in the United States, and he will be taken in hand by boys who have remade themselves.

While the searchers had hoped to find a "100 per cent bad boy" to better prove their theory that all bad boys may become good boys if proper effort is extended, they had to be satisfied with an "87 per cent bad boy." This lad began his criminal career at 7, and has been imprisoned several times since then. He lives in Pittsburgh, Pa.

Surely if there is hope for an "87 per cent bad boy" there is hope for every boy in this city who has strayed a bit from the right road to good citizenship.

Looks as if Western Union was laying its wires to be seized by Uncle Sam.

No Use for a Hat.

The conversation in the lobby of a Washington hotel turned to the necessary qualifications for various kinds of work when the following anecdote was related by Representative Charles C. Kearns, of Ohio.

Sitting on the veranda of her suburban home one afternoon, a woman chances to notice that a young man who was digging postholes near by was working bare-headed in the broiling sun. Immediately she rose and procured an old straw hat belonging to her husband.

"Young man," said she, going to where the youth was plying the spade, "You mustn't work without a hat. Take this one."

"Thank you, take this one, madame," responded the youth, "but really I don't need it."

"That's silly," responded the woman. "If you go bare-headed in a sun like this you will have your brains baked out."

"I haven't got any brains, madame," was the prompt rejoinder of the young man. "If I had I wouldn't be digging postholes."—Philadelphia Evening Telegraph.

Higher Critics.

By EDMUND VANCE COOKE.
"Of making many books there is no end," and some are gravely, ponderously penned. Full of pedantic pride and mental rages. Hence we acclaim them. But the books we choose to read are those that live with, and to use.

Are those with little thumb-prints on the pages. Some books are still-born from the brain and some are still-born from the hand of a marauder.

While others wander gently down the ages. For me, when I have done my bookish task, Grant me one tribute and no more I'll ask; The marks of little thumb-prints on the pages. I am not unheeded of the critic's pen, Yet what are critics? Hurried, worried men.

Begorred with books and forced to sit as sages. Critics are kings, mayhap, but I'll not wince If I be championed by the Little Prints Signed, sealed and smeared across the printed

TOM SAWYER AND HUCKLEBERRY FINN, By DWIG.



The human race.



HEARD UNDER THE DOME.

Senator Borah's plan to bring light to the nations in their treaty-making would doubtless prove a preventive for what has perished Europe. The need of publicity has not been manifest to the same degree in this nation, however. We have been singularly and commendably free of what has harassed Europe the most. We have been able to avoid the very things which brought on this mammoth imbroglio in the old countries.

It may be that Senator Borah desires to set an example—knowing America's opportunity to do this time of the year. Reserves of wheat in the United States are nearly exhausted. The visible supply is down to an unheard-of level, only 1,140,000 bushels. A year ago at this time we had 28,296,000 bushels in American warehouses.

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And of our small store we must continue giving wheat to our allies!

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More than inspiration is coming to America now from the splendid way in which we are getting into the war. We have come to a realization of its seriousness now—both officials and the people—and efficiency has replaced inefficiency and grim determination has supplanted a rather marked apathy.

This means, in short, the extermination of the fiendish Hun system which compelled our entrance into the war. It means that our own national ideals are to be impressed upon the world with more of the doctrine of love in

A LINE O' CHEER EACH DAY O' THE YEAR.

By John Kendrick Bangs.

THE DAILY WORD.

Let's choose some word today To help us on our way— Some word like Sympathy, Or Hope, or Charity, Or Faith, or Love, or Light, And keep it ever in sight, And use our Mother-Wit To LIVE the sense of it. Who knows but we shall find The word denotes our kind, And when the twilight falls, And relaxation calls, 'Twill comfort us to feel That we have made it real. (Copyright, 1918.)

force in impressing us with their doctrine of violence and the need of a great day is coming for America. We are nearing the goal day by day. No matter how long the battle each day brings it nearer to a close. There is enough in the place to strengthen us in faith in our cause, and enough to guarantee to the balance of the world that the faith we have had is provocative of deeds which will count. Democracy is marching onward and forward. Autocracy is approaching its grave.

The mammoth problems which will follow the firing of the last shot are like an uncharted sea, however. We know not where we will conclude. But we do know that the same power we had in leading us onward in the fight for the right will not be diminished, and that the same ideals for which we have striven in blood will make us strong for the reconstruction of the future, no matter what it may contain. America is not only the world's salvation in the fight we are waging, but in the calm that will follow the armistice.

THE OBSERVER.

Bernstorff Deprived of LL.D. by Union University.

Schenectady, N. Y., June 9.—Trustees of Union University have rescinded the honorary degree of doctor of laws conferred upon Count Johann Von Bernstorff, honorary chancellor of Union in 1910. Von Bernstorff's name also was stricken from the list of honorary alumni of the university.

In the resolution rescinding the degree it is stated that Bernstorff "has been guilty of conduct unbecoming a member of the university and has been plotting against a friendly nation whose hospitality he enjoyed and conspiring with base men to disturb our peace and embroil us with other nations."

The action was taken at the board meeting following the activities of alumni day of the Union commencement exercises.

What Soldiers Always Carry Into Battle.

In an article in the American Magazine a writer says:

"There are two things the soldiers always carry with them: photographs of the 'home folks' and letters from the 'home folks'. The pictures, often with a small Testament, are always in the breast pocket, over the heart. I think they sometimes are put there as a kind of charm to ward off bullets. Anyway, that's where they always are. And the look in a man's face when he shows you the picture of his mother, his wife, his children, they are very beautiful, will bring tears to your own eyes."

"And those packages of letters. They carry them around for months and read them over and over until the creases are so worn the sheets will hardly hold together."

Here is one of the latest war stories of the week. A cockney is telling of his experience in trying to pass the lines and of being accosted by a French soldier.

"Que va la," says he.

"He," says I, speaking the bloody language of the country fluently.

"Comment," says he.

"Come on yourself," says I, and I give him a bat in the eye.

Jail sentences, heavy fines and reprimands have failed to cut down the number of speed violators. Magistrate Rouse has decided to see if spanking will curb offending automobile drivers.

He has reached the conclusion that a speeder who has been properly massaged with a bed slat, hair brush, tennis racket or frying pan will not be able to sit at the wheel of his citizen chaser for weeks and weeks. A nineteen-year-old boy, arrested for speeding, was released with the understanding that the youth's father would punish him in the old-fashioned way.

OPHELIA'S SLATE.

IT AINT SO BAD TO FALL IF YOU CAN JUST LAND ON A HAY STACK.

THE SHERIDAN BAND.

Concert by the U. S. Soldiers' Home Band, John S. M. Zimmerman, director, in the bandstand this afternoon, beginning at 8:30 o'clock.

March, "The Storm Signal," Baglione. Overture, "John of Arc," Verdi. Rite Act, "First Heart Throb," Elmore.

"Pianissimo Polka," Strauss. Gens from "Barry of Ballymore," O'Leary. "The Girl Who Came to Supper," Grahame. Second Fable de Concert, Godard. "The Girl Who Came to Supper," Godard. "The Girl Who Came to Supper," Godard.

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THE LISTENING POST

F. P. ADAMS' Column in the Stars and Stripes, the Official Newspaper of the A. E. F.

A BALLAD OF MATTERS KNOWN AND UNKNOWN.
(Being an American version of M. Francois Villon's slangy ballade)

I'm not a slump; I'm not a Joe; I'm on when cream is full of flies. And by their clothes I always know A lot about these dressy guys.

I know black clouds from sunny skies; I know a dead end from a pep; I know the phony from the prize— But to myself I am not hep.

I'm jerry to the fashions, too; I make the clerics by their ties; I know the high birds from the low, And cherry tarts from apple pies.

I know the yegmen and the Cys; I know "Both gates!" and "Watch your step!" I know the Bourbons from the ryes— But to myself I am not hep.

I know the sunshine from the snow; The truthful man from him who lies; I know the honey from the skep; I know just how to balladize— But to myself I am not hep.

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